



Working Overtime



👁 291 ✓ 26 ★ 22

Chapter 1 by sweetrolls

My name is Sorrento. I work in a call center day-in and day-out. It's a miserable job, but someone has to pay the bills. It doesn't require a lot really. Anyone could do the job. It's just tedious and frustrating, and it requires patience.

So, today I was put to work over-time while everyone else got to leave for the night. I was the only one left in the office, left alone with only a mug of coffee by my side.

It was then when my cellphone rang. No caller-id. An unknown phone number appeared. I answered. There was only silence on the other end of the call.

Chapter 2 by



"If you are from FBI, I'm happy to inform you that I already work at CIA." I peered through my cubicle making sure that my TL has not yet returned from his coffee break. "Alright buddy, if this is scare tactics, you win. I'm freaking scared of ghosts and poltergeists. Right now, I'm going to open the lights.. all lights in this office."

I really did. Just the sound of the caller's breathing pattern is spooky enough to raise my blood pressure and accelerate my pulse. "You're not a serial killer aren't you? I'm a poor fellow and I

have mouths to feed so chill and find another target."

See more of Story Wars

Another silence. I'm pretty sure that the person behind the phone is a man. I slouched on the common sofa and pretended to be asleep. I closed my eyes and tried to catch some Zs. I held my fountain pen and observed the hallways. "Listen, I don't know who you are. I don't know

Login

or

Create new account

what you want. If you are looking for ransom, I can tell you I don't have money. But what I do have are a very particular set of skills, skills I have acquired over a very long career. Skills that make me a nightmare for people like you. If you let my daughter go now, that'll be the end of it. I will not look for you, I will not pursue you. But if you don't, I will look for you, I will find you, and I will kill you."

"...Good luck."

"F* you man! Who are you!?" I'm not even sure whether I laugh or get pissed off. The guy clearly knows I ripped my line from the "Taken" movie. "Look, I only know one movie quote and I swear I will leave the phone on this couch and you contest with silence."

"Isn't it funny? You hear a phone ring and it could be anybody. But a ringing phone has to be answered, doesn't it?"

"Stop! You're not going to quote from another movie just to scare me." I stood and dashed towards my cubicle. Any minute now, my TL returns. "Now if you'll excuse me I have work to do."

"Your team leader must have been back five minutes ago. The pantry is just a corridor away... but you haven't heard any activity. Did you ever wonder why?" The caller finally spoke with sense. "Hurry up Sorrento... Maybe he needs help."

...

Chapter 3 by nabeela



I heard one last click as the caller dropped the line. I looked at my phone and frowned, unwilling to admit to myself that I was too spooked to move. However...

The corridor was dim as I walked through it; no one had seemed to want to decorate the place up. I took my mind off the lack of color and heightened my awareness. Besides the sound of my own footfalls and breath, I could hear someone grunting and moaning from the end of the hall,

where a door stood slightly ajar. I picked up my pace and as I reached the pantry, I became as pale as the walls.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

the cold floor. "Sorrento..." One of his hands clutched his side. I snapped out of my shock and quickly moved.

"Michael, I'm gonna call an ambulance, hang in there," I said, squatting down beside him and pulling out my handkerchief and cell phone. Using the mobile still made me nervous, but it was an emergency. I pressed the cloth against his wound and dialed 911.

"Sorrento," he said sharply.

"You're gonna be okay-"

"No, Sorrento, he's coming back- he told me- he's-"

"What? Who's coming back?"

Michael's eyes widened even further as he looked at me. But as I surveyed his frenzied state, I noticed one thing. He wasn't looking at me...

He was looking above me.

Chapter 4 by Misanthrope



I spun around expecting to be attacked, protecting myself from the inevitable ax, or club. But instead there was only the steady gaze of a gaunt figure shrouded in a black robe. He was holding in his one hand the cell phone he used to make the call, and in the other a great scythe.

I was frightened, and a little bewildered. Why would death be tracking me down. I mean, I have been dead for years, ever since I took this job. You cannot have a soul and work in a call center for long.

"Don't be frightened" death said in a strangely calming tone.

"I don't mean you any harm, in fact, I need to ask you a favor."

Chapter 5 by WeebShibe

See more of Story Wars



"You see I've grown quite tired of my current situation, and I was thinking of a proposition. I want you to leave your current job and take a vacation." He said as I looked up shocked. "Of course I will pay you, you do have mouths to feed and all." After saying

Login

or

Create new account

that he let out a little snicker. All I could do was stare in horror, Michael was on the floor bleeding heavily, and I couldn't do anything because I had just been asked to start killing people! My mind was racing I didn't know what to do, what could I do, WHAT CAN I DO! "Oh and one more thing," he started, "If you accept this offer I'll save that person that your trying to help, and I'll even extend the lives of your close loved ones by a few years. So what do you say?"

Chapter 6 by Gounaitory



I had to obey. And I was feeling miserable, like then, back in high school then I was a teen. They also made me to do particular stuff that I shouldn't have done. But I was just WEAK. I was weak too again and I couldn't do anything with that. I was dependent again.

And I... I accepted his offer

Chapter 7 by WeebShibe



I spent the next few weeks taking peoples lives, all at the flick of the reaper's, bony wrist. I remember crying myself to sleep on several accounts after taking someones life, and who would blame me! Everything that was happening was just so crazy! But I did it, for Michael, and my family.

Fininally it was time for the reaper to take his job back, and it was all I could do to keep from grimacing at him.

"Hey good to see ya!" he belowed.

"Hello," I said coldly.

"What's the matter?" he asked with a slight grin

"Oh I don't know, maybe it's the fact that I've been killing people for the past few weeks!" I screamed

"Hmm," he grumbled, "I wasn't going to tell you this but I can see you're upset. All those people I had you killed, were awful people."

"What do you mean?" I asked slightly startled.

"I had you take the lives of murderers, arsonists, people that just didn't care a single bit about the lives or wants of others!" He said with a straight face. I couldn't say anything I was so

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 8 by Harriet Jones, MP, Flydale North



A few years later, Michael and I went out to get ice cream. We sat in the corner booth, spooning vanilla ice cream and hot fudge into our mouths and quoting movie lines (one of our favorite pasttimes).

As our cups emptied, Michael got up. "I have to use the bathroom."

"Hurry up," I called after him as he walked to the opposite corner of the restaurant. "The movie starts in 15 minutes!"

While I waited, I scraped the last few drops of the hot fudge & vanilla ice cream mixture into my spoon. Just as I was about to put the spoon in my mouth, my phone rang.

It was from an unknown number.

Butterflies erupted in my stomach, but I tried to calm myself. I'd had several unknown numbers call me in the last few years and they had all been telemarketers. No big deal. It was nothing.

I pressed "answer" and brought the phone to my ear. "Hello?"

"Have you missed me?"

I dropped my spoon. Tan liquid splattered across the table as I flew out of my seat and sprinted to the men's bathroom.

"MICHAEL?! MICHAEL!!" I screamed as I threw all the stall doors open. But no one was there.

Michael was gone.

I slammed the phone back to my ear. "WHAT DID YOU DO, YOU SON OF A BITCH?"

The voice cackled. "Now that I have your attention . . .

I have another favor to ask you. [See more of Story Wars](#)

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account